April 6th, 2005

To whom it may concern,

I’m going to do it, world! I’m going to end all of this shit right now! I’m done!

I can’t go on anymore; I can’t live this sucky, painful, worthless life anymore. No one really cares anyway (not even the person who will find me or who will read this). My mom sure as hell doesn’t care about me, sure as hell!! She doesn’t pay any attention to me now anyway. She’s always working and when she’s not working—she’s going out on dates with… Steve- what a piece of crap!! She acts like she is my age! Hello?? YOU ARE NOT A TEENAGER—what she is doing is just gross! She doesn’t love ME as much as she claims to love Steve… Steve only wants her money anyway- so he can buy his drugs—I’ve seen him steal from her purse (and I know she saw it too) and he does his coke lines right in front of Amy and me—but yet Mom continues to love him unconditionally? How come she doesn’t love me like that?

Whatever, I don’t really care anymore, like I said… I’m done!!

And since I won’t be here after tonight….

It’s time for some secrets to come out…

When I was 10 years old, when we ALL lived in Tyrone**1**, back when my family was still together, “happy”, and “loved” each other… just me, my mom, my dad, and my sister, Amy. My dad and I used to play a game, at least that’s what he called it…

We would only play when Mom wasn’t home—she would always be “working late on a presentation”… convenient, huh? (This was about the time that she met Steve).

My dad would take me into my bedroom, close the door, and tell me to take my clothes off… I did, because it just seemed normal. I thought every dad made his daughters do this; well, the lucky ones anyway (if their dads loved them as much as my dad “loved” me). He would always start off the same way… by reading me ‘Goodnight Moon’**2** and slowly he would put his arms around me. After the story was read, he would climb over top of me and tell me to lay very still… this lasted about 20-30 minutes, every day for about a year. Right up until my parents got divorced (because she was caught cheating, big

1 "Blair County, Pennsylvania." *Wikipedia*.

1 "Tyrone, Pennsylvania." *Wikipedia*.

2 Brown, Margaret Wise, and Clement Hurd. *Goodnight Moon*

freaking surprise!) and my mom started renting an apartment, in which I moved, and it didn’t take long for Steve to move in. (I HATE Steve—I wish I could kill him!!) Eventually I stopped thinking about “the game” my dad and I used to play.

But it doesn’t matter… in a few hours I’m the one who will be dead and I won’t have to deal with anybody or anything anymore.

In school today, there was a seminar which taught about signs of abuse; about physical, sexual, and emotional abuse. That was when it hit me: my.dad.sexually.abused.me.

I ran out of the auditorium and into the bathroom, screaming for everyone else to leave or I would punch them all in their faces; those middle school girls ran out with disgusted looks on their faces. I threw a stall door open, entered and slammed the door behind me, and then planted my face into the toilet and threw up. I fell to the ground, vomit covered but no tears streamed down my face (crying is a sign of weakness, I needed to be tough, to hold it all in). WTF?! How can this be my life? How did I end up being here? Being THAT girl?! I can’t tell anybody now; it’s been too much time, it’s embarrassing, and besides…. I think it’s my fault. But I was so young, I didn’t know any better, don’t blame me for it! It wasn’t my fault, was it? But I didn’t say “no” or “stop”, so maybe it really was my fault?

I don’t ever want to see any of them again; not my dad, my mom, or Steve. I will never be able to forgive any of them anyway!! I hate them all! How can I move on from this? What can I do? I’m never going to be able to escape this. It’s never going to feel safe, I can’t do this anymore! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH —it doesn’t matter anymore… I’m done!

So I’ve decided, I’m ending my life tonight, as soon as I’m done writing this, but first…

Dear Amy,

I’m sorry. I know you won’t understand this or ever forgive me. I never wanted to hurt you like this. I love you.

~Charlotte